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LIVERPOOL TESTIMONIALS,

TO THE

DEPARTED GENIUS

OF

ROBERT BURNS,

THE SCOTTISH BARD.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY MERRITT AND WRIGHT,

CASTLE-STREET, LIVERPOOL.

ROBERT BURNS,

THE CELEBRATED AYRSHIRE PLOWMAN,

WHOSE genius reflects ſo much honour on his age and country, died at Dumfries, on the 8th July, 1796, in the 38th year of his age. He enjoyed an inferior office in the exciſe, which during his life time afforded a ſubſiſtence to his numerous family, but from the emoluments of which, amounting only to 50l. a year, it was not poſſible for him to have made a proviſion for them at his death, had his œconomy and prudence been ever ſo conſpicuous. They are now left in extreme poverty, and at an age when they are totally unable to ſtruggle for themſelves, the oldeſt being in his tenth year, and the youngeſt having been born on the very morning on which his father was carried to his grave.

We whoſe names are hereunto ſubſcribed, calling to mind the delight we have received from the immortal works of this great, but unfortunate genius, offer the ſums affixed after our names towards the ſupport of his family, as a proof of the ſympathy we feel in the afflictions of the living, and of the honour we pay the memory of the dead.

	l.	s.	d.
Dr. Currie - - - -	10	10	0
Mr. W. Neilſon -	10	10	0
Mr. Roſcoe - - -	5	5	0
Mr. W. Rathbone -	5	5	0
Mr. Galan - - -	5	5	0
Mr. W. Clarke - -	5	5	0
Mr. Wakefield - -	5	5	0
Mr. John Gladſtone	5	5	0
Mr. W. Ewart - -	5	5	0

	l.	s.	d.
Dr. M'Cartney -	2	2	0
Mr. Eb. Gilchriſt -	2	2	0
Mr. J. Cumming -	2	2	0
Mr. Shepherd -	2	2	0
Two Ladies - -	3	3	0
Mr. Nicholſon - -	1	1	0
Mr. Mangles, Great Ruſſel-ſtreet, London,	1	1	0
Miſs Mangles -	1	1	0
Miſs M. Mangles -	1	1	0
Rev. T. Mangles -	1	1	0
Mr. G. Mangles -	1	1	0
Mr. Twemlow -	1	1	0
Mr. R. Lowndes -	1	1	0
Dr. Clayton - -	1	1	0
Mr. W. Hughes -	1	1	0
Mr. W. Duncan -	1	1	0
Dr. Nivin - -	1	1	0
Meſſrs. Merritt & Wright	2	2	0
Meſſrs. Crane and Jones	2	2	0
Mr. R. Gladſtone -	1	1	0
Mr. J. Boſtock -	1	1	0
Mr. Willis Earle -	1	1	0
Dr. Solomon -	1	1	0
Mr. C. Cooke -	0	10	6
Mr. Joſ. Daltera -	0	10	6
Unknown - -	0	10	6

ROBERT BURNS.

THE following POEMS, intended as a tribute to the memory of the Ayrshire Plowman, appeared successively in the *Liverpool Phœnix*, and copies of them having been in great request, it was thought adviseable to reprint them altogether. They are all written by Gentlemen of Liverpool, and are allowed to possess distinguished merit. We notice these circumstances with pride and pleasure, as we conceive they are not less characteristic of the taste for letters which has lately distinguished this town, than the liberal subscription raised here for the family of the unfortunate Bard, is characteristic of its benevolence.—An account of this Subscription is prefixed to the Poems.

ERRATA.

Page 9th, line 10, for CHANNEL'D read CHARNEL'D.

Page 10th, line 21, for SHRAF read LEAF.

ODE.

LET Scotland's harp be now reſum'd,
Alone to wake the penſive tear;
For lo! by pining cares conſum'd,
Her BURNS has preſs'd the fun'ral bier.

O'er Coila's vale no more is heard
The ruſtic Poet's gentle ſtrain,
But Pity lonely walks the ſhade,
And vainly ſeeks to ſooth her pain.

Tho' Nature's ſoft and ſimple ſchool,
Alone inſpir'd his matchleſs art;
For him the claſſic ſtrain ſhall roll,
From many a ſympathetic heart.

Who now, with ſweetly varied note,
The burning Summer's pride ſhall ſing,
Or mould the ſhades that formleſs float
On wizzard fancy's fairy wing?

Who now, when "maniac winter" drives
O'er mountain tops his miſty car,
Shall catch the pow'r unſeen that ſtrives,
And truly paint the flying war?

And yet to thee poor hapleſs hind,
The ſultry ſummer ſmil'd in vain;
A ſoil on which thy bleeding mind
Was mark'd in ruder lines of pain.

And when congenial winter bow'd
With howling voice, and ſnowy hair,
His icy mirror only ſhow'd
Thy breaſt a deadlier winter there.

Show'd poor Misfortuue, famiſh'd maid,
With hopeleſs heart and heavy eye,
Walk hand in hand with thee the glade,
And nurſe the oft returning ſigh.

Remote in robes of varied hue,
Her form, at times, Compaſſion rear'd;
She, changeful as the morning dew,
Slow wav'd her hand, then diſappear'd:

Yet now with languid looks no more,
Unmov'd, ſhe marks thy early doom,
But oft down Ayr's deſerted ſhore
Inquires at eve thy "graſſy tomb."

There ſtill in vales where broom-clad burns,
Thro' channel'd runnels ſlowly ooze;
The far-off village bell returns
On fancy's ear, the mournful news!

And there ſhall pillow'd thought retire
From Caledonia's peaceful cot,
And mark thee ſweep thy thrilling lyre,
And proudly bear thy humble lot.

When morning wakes the ſylvan ſcene
And ſhows the tang'led wood on high,
The hind ſhall miſs thee o'er the green,
And mutely heave a ſturdy ſigh.

At eve when *Kelpies* * gaily prance,
And toil-ſpent cotters wander home,
Shall village groups ſuſpend the dance
To bind with wreaths thy ſhapeleſs tomb.

And haply there at dead of night,
When Cynthia hides her ſilv'ry flag,
While ruſhing ſtorms in wild affright,
Sweep dreadful o'er thy fav'rite crag;

Some rude unletter'd friend ſhall pace
The channell'd yard that boaſts thy clay,
And bid his beating fancy trace
Thy chiding ſpirit glide away.

But ah! nor Fancy's wild'ring pow'r,
(E'en ſuch as rov'd thy giant mind)
Nor ſorrowing verſe, ſhall thee reſtore,
Neglected! loſt! lamented hind!

I. B.

* In the Scotiſh ſuperſtition, a ſort of ſpirit ſuppoſed to frequent ſtreams, fords, &c.—*Vid.*—BURN'S POEMS.

ODE II.

SAY penſive Scotia! is the Bard no more?
Could not his voice arreſt the dreadful doom,
Who ſwept the wild harp on thy rocky ſhore?
Could Genius claim no reſpite from the tomb?
Through crowded oſiers moving on,
Where is the rural ſtream
Which lov'd to grace his vernal ſong,
And tremble in his theme?

Fall'n are the faded beauties of the year!
His voice, which oft when evening clos'd around,
Would ſtay the ruſhing winds his ſong to hear,
And through the hollow murm'ring dell would ſound.
In ſpring at early dawn,
The ſong his care beguil'd;
His lambkins ſkip acroſs the lawn,
And forth the ſun in beauty ſmil'd,
His heart expands, the Poet't fire confeſt,
Burns in each vein, and throbs within his breaſt.

When ſallow Autumn bending with the ſheaf,
With ſocial plenty crown'd the ſmiling hearth;
With his dark hand gilding the falling ſheaf,
And fill'd the jocund board with joy and mirth.
He claim'd thy praiſe, and ſtill thy artleſs lay
Short'ned the labour of each weary day.

Hark! the loud ſtorm, with ratling wings
Borne on the angry tumult of the ſky,
Through Caledonia's mountains rings,
Deep thunders roll, the light'nings fly,

His varying genius paints the ſcenes
As o'er the blaſted oak he leans.

Alas! no more at opening day
The ſwains ſhall wake the chearful pipe;
No more at Aleſtakes chaſe away
Their care, for ah! the Bard is fled,
And ev'ry flowret hangs its drooping head.

G. P. Perry

STANZAS.

PORTENTOUS ſigh'd the hollow blaſt,
Which, ſorrow-freighted, ſouthward paſs'd
I heard the ſound, and ſtood aghaſt
In ſolemn dread:
The mournful truth is told at laſt,
And BURNS is dead!

Ah! ſweeteſt minſtrel, nature's child,
Could not thy "native wood-notes wild,"
Thy manly ſenſe, thy manners mild,
And ſprightly glee,
The ghaſtly tyrant have beguil'd
To ſet thee free?

Unfriended, deſolate, and young,
Misfortune o'er thy cradle hung;
And penury had check'd thy ſong,
But check'd in vain;
Till Death, reſiſtleſs in his wrong,
Has clos'd the ſtrain!

Thus, 'midſt the cold of winter's ſnows,
The unprotected ſnow-drop blows;
Awhile in native beauty glows,
And charms the eyes;
Till paſt ſome ruthleſs ſpoiler goes,
And crops the prize!

But not for thee, O bard, the lot,
In cold oblivion's ſhade to rot;
Like, thoſe, unhonour'd, and forgot,
Th' unfeeling great,
Who knew thy worth, but haſten'd not
To ſooth thy fate.

Whilſt love to beauty pours the ſigh,
Whilſt genius ſhall with nature vie,
Whilſt pity from the melting eye
Shall claim regard;
Thy honour'd name ſhall never die,
Immortal Bard!

But oft, as winter o'er the plain
Shall pour at eve the beating rain,
The hind ſhall call his little train
Around the fire,
To liſten to ſome thrilling ſtrain
Of thy lov'd lyre.

Whether to Heav'n's eternal King,
Thou ſtrike the deep-reſounding ſtring,
Whilſt, riſing on devotion's wing,
Hope ſoars above,
To happier realms of endleſs ſpring,
And boundleſs love;

Or whether lighter themes beguile
The moments of relaxing toil,
Bidding, on labour's front, the ſmile
Of pleaſure ſit;
The roof re-echoing all the while
To genuine wit:

Or if wild fancy ſeize the rein,
Whilſt horror thrill's thro' ev'ry vein,
And ſprites and elves in awful train,
Their orgies keep;
And warlocks o'er the frighted plain
At midnight ſweep:

As works the ſpell, the liſt'ning band
Aghaſt in mute attention ſtand;
Again thou wav'ſt thy magic wand,
Of pow'r ſo rare,
And all the ſcene by Fancy plann'd,
Diſſolves in air.

Thine too the charm of ſocial hearts,
Where wit its vivid lightning darts,
And Converſe keen to age imparts
The fire of youth,
Whilſt, from the fierce concuſſion, ſtarts
The ſpark of truth.

What tho' thy wild untutor'd ſtrain
The Critic's pedant laws diſdain,
Not all the wire-cag'd minion train
E'er pour'd a note
So ſweet, as echoing o'er the plain
The woodlark's throat.

Old *Coila*, firſt whoſe brakes among,
Thy infant hands the wild harp ſtrung,
Shall flouriſh in thy deathleſs ſong
With laſting fame;
And *Ayr* ſhall henceforth roll along,
A claſſic ſtream.

But thou, O Bard, in ſilence laid—
Ah! what ſhall ſooth thy penſive ſhade,
For worth and genius ill repaid,
With bounty ſcant;
And hours of ſorrow unallay'd,
And toil and want?

See o'er thy ſong, as loud it ſwells,
The lordly Thane delighted dwells;
Or to his fair his rapture tells,
By thee inſpir'd;
His boſom, as thy ſtrain impels,
Or thaw'd or fir'd.

Around him, ſee, to guard his ſtate,
A train of pamper'd minions wait;
And ſee, to form his daily treat,
Each climate join;
While Iceland's froſt, and Aſia's heat,
Their gifts combine.

Yet, whilſt he revels unconfin'd
Thro' all the treaſures of thy mind,
No gen'rous boon, to thee conſign'd,
Relieves thy care;
To Folly or to Vice aſſign'd
What Pomp can ſpare!

For rights withheld, or freedom ſold,
Corruption aſks the promis'd gold;
Or, in licentious ſplendor bold,
Some titled Dame
Squanders, in riot uncontroll'd,
What worth ſhould claim!

From hill to hill, from plain to plain,
Wide ſpreads the Chieftain's proud domain,
That, half a deſert, aſks in vain
For culture due;
Whilſt cold inaction chills thy vein,
And ruſts thy plough.

Meanwhile thy youthful vigour flies,
The ſtorms of life unpitying riſe,
And wounded Superſtition tries
To thwart thy way;
And loath'd dependance ambuſh'd lies,
To ſeize her prey.

Yet high above thy reptile foes
Thy tow'ring ſoul unconquer'd roſe—
Love and the muſe their charms diſcloſe—
The hags retire;
And thy expanded boſom glows
With heav'nly fire.

Go, builder of a deathleſs name!
Thy Country's glory, and her ſhame!
Go, and th' immortal guerdon claim,
To genius due;
Whilſt rolling centuries thy fame
Shall ſtill renew!

W. ROSCOE

Author of Lorenzo de Medici

ELEGY.

POOR, wildly-ſweet uncultur'd flow'r,
Thou lowlieſt of the Muſe's bow'r,
" Stern ruin's ploughſhare, 'mang the flower,
" Has cruſh'd thy ſtem,"
And ſorrowing verſe ſhall mark the hour,
" Thou bonnie gem."

'Neath the green turf, dear nature's child,
Sublime, pathetic, artleſs, wild,
Of all thy quips and cranks diſpoil'd,
Cold doſt thou lie;
And many a youth and maiden mild
Shall o'er thee ſigh.

Thoſe pow'rs that eagle-wing'd could ſoar,
That heart which ne'er was cold before,
That tongue which caus'd the table's roar,
Are now laid low,
And Scotia's ſons ſhall hear no more
Thy rapt'rous flow.

Warm'd with " a ſpark o' nature's fire,"
From the rough plough thou didſt aſpire
To make a ſordid world admire:
And few like thee,
Oh! BURNS, have ſwept the minſtrel's lyre
With ecſtacy.

Ere winter's icy vapours fail,
The violet, in th' uncultur'd dale,

So ſweetly ſcents the paſſing gale,
That ſhepherd boys,
Led by the fragrance they inhale,
Soon find their prize.

So when to life's chill glen confin'd,
Thy rich, tho' rough, untutor'd mind,
Pour'd on the ſenſe of each rude hind
Such ſonſy lays,
That to thy brow was ſoon aſſign'd
The wreath of praiſe.

Anon, with nobler daring bleſt,
The wild notes throbbing at thy breaſt,
Of friends, wealth, learning, unpoſſeſs'd,
Thy fervid mind
Tow'rds fame's loud torrets boldly preſs'd
And pleas'd mankind.

But what avail'd thy pow'rs to pleaſe,
When want approach'd, and pale diſeaſe;
Could theſe thy infant brood appeaſe
That wail'd for bread?
Or could they, for a moment, eaſe
Thy woe-worn head?

Applauſe, poor child of minſtrelſey,
Was all the world e'er gave to thee;
Unmov'd, by pinching penury
They ſaw thee torn,
And now, kind ſouls! with ſympathy
Thy loſs they mourn.

Oh! how I loath the bloated train,
Who oft had heard thy dulcet ſtrain;
Yet, when thy frame was rack'd with pain
Could keep aloof,
And eye, with opulent diſdain,
Thy lowly roof.

Yes, proud Dumfries—oh! would to Heav'n,
Thou hadſt from that cold ſpot been driven,
Thou might'ſt have found ſome ſhelt'ring haven
On this ſide Tweed:—
Yet ah! e'en here poor bards have ſtriven,
And died in need.

True genius ſcorns to flatter knaves,
Or crouch amidſt a race of ſlaves;
His ſoul, while fierce the tempeſt raves,
No terror knows,
And with unſhaken nerve he braves
Life's pelting woes.

No wonder, then, that thou ſhou'dſt find
Th' averted glance of half mankind;
Shouldſt ſee the ſly, ſlow, ſupple mind
To wealth aſpire,
While ſcorn, neglect, and want combin'd
To quench thy fire.

While wintry winds pipe loud and ſtrong,
The high perch'd ſtorm-cock pours his ſong;
So thy Æolian lyre was ſtrung
'Midſt chilling times;
Yet clearly didſt thou roll along
Thy "routh of rhymes."

And ah! that routh of rhymes ſhall raiſe
For thee a laſting pile of praiſe.
Haply ſome wing in theſe our days,
Has loftier ſoar'd;
But from the heart more melting lays
Were never pour'd.

Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
Where bleſt Columbus' waters glide,
Old Scotia's ſons, ſpread far and wide,
Shall oft rehearſe,
With ſorrow ſome, but all with pride,
Thy witching verſe.

In early ſpring, thy earthy bed
Shall be with many a wild flow'r ſpread;
The violet there her ſweets ſhall ſhed,
In humble guiſe,
And there the mountain daiſy's head
Shall duly riſe.

While darkneſs reigns, ſhould bigotry,
With boiling blood and bended knee,
Scatter the weeds of infamy
O'er thy cold clay,
Thoſe weeds, at light's firſt bluſh, ſhall be
Soon ſwept away.

And when thy ſcorners are no more,
The lonely glens, and ſea-beat ſhore,
Where thou haſt croon'd thy fancies o'er
With ſoul elate,
Oft ſhall the bard at eve explore,
And mourn thy fate. ~~E. W.~~

E. Ruſtan
Glendeſtan

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